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STANDARD ISSUE

#5

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OCT 2008

Final issue



WELCOME TO THE FIFTH ISSUE OF STANDARD ISSUE TRAINWRECK-OF-A-MAGAZINE!!!

Do drugs, drop out of school, eat worms, don't wear a seatbelt, cut holes in your condoms, quit work, quit life, huff gas, READ STANDARD ISSUE!

-Ben Jensen, Ottawawesome, October 28, 2008



STANDARD ISSUE FIRE-BREATHING HIPPY-KILLING CHILD-HATING TRAINWRECK-OF-A-MAGAZINE #5 WAS MADE BY THIS BUNCH OF SCUZZES:

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HOW TO HOLLER AT US:

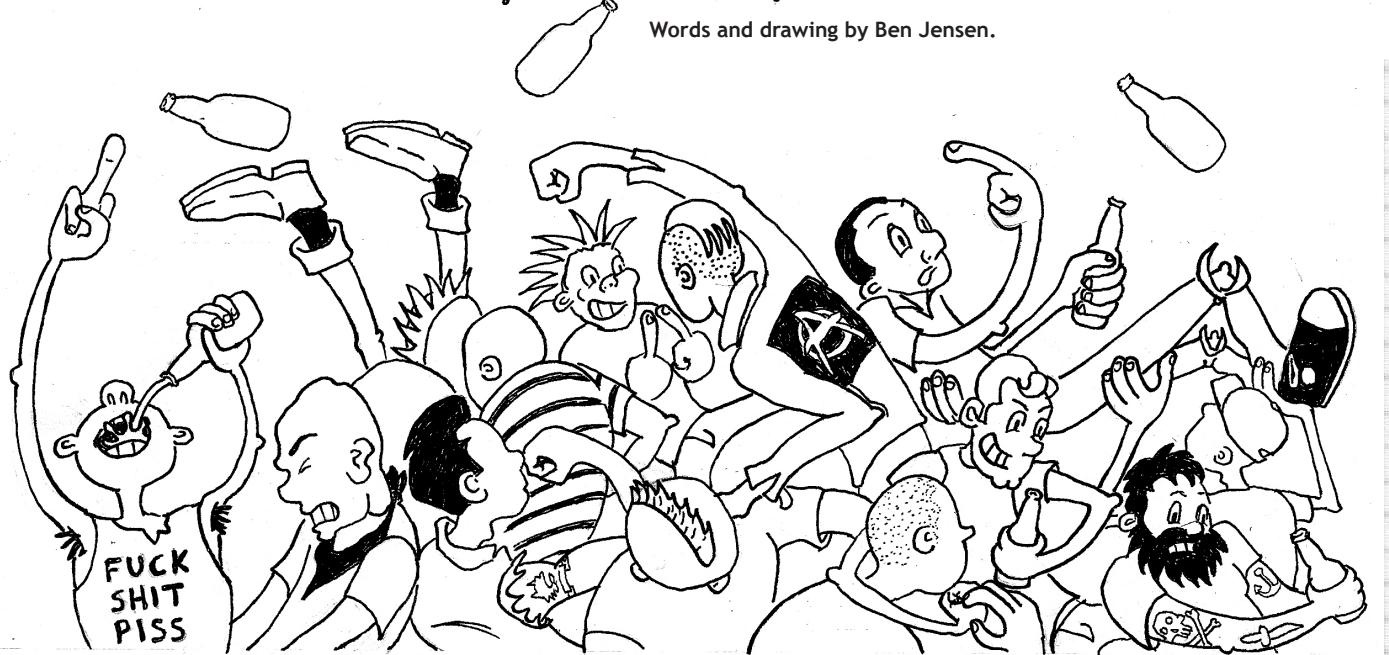
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Come hang out with us on the internet over

About Standard Issue Trainwreck-Of-A-Magazine This is the best magazine in the world and you got it for free cuz we made it for free cuz we made it illegally. This magazine is based out of Ottawa(wesome), Ontario, Canada and has come back as a mindless zombie fiend. To make this magazine (and history), we received no financial aid or government grants or any of that nonsense, and this issue is folded in half like a big-boy magazine instead of stapled 9x12 sheets like us. Our next issue'll probably come out in like mid-January, and then we're turning two in April so expect rad shit times a thousand. If you need to contact Standard Issue for ANY reason, send an e-mail to jensen_ben@hotmail.com. If you need a street address for an album you want reviewed or something, e-mail me and ask for it. Our website is STANDARDISSUEMAG.COM and it's way better than MySpace. But we do have that too. Go to MYSPACE.COM/STANDARDISSUEMAG if you wanna be internet friends with us. We've got PDFs of the first four issues up there too, in case you were too busy being lame and missed them. There's also cool shit on there like internerd-only articles and a store where you can stuff dollars in our g-strings and we'll give you shirts or pins or back issues or whatever.

MOSH RIGHT, MORONS!

Words and drawing by Ben Jensen.



Alright listen to me, you little shits. You teenagers today don't know anything about moshing. It's getting harder and harder to go to a show without some drunk, mallrat jock in his best "punk rocker" costume throwing down all over the place like some part-time ninja with an ear infection.

So before any of you mosh warriors start showing off at the next show, here are some rules that might stop you from embarrassing yourself and/or getting beat up.

1. When no one's moshing and you wanna start a pit, ask yourself these two questions first: Is this show I'm at the kind of show people mosh at? Is the song that's playing the kind of song people mosh to? Cuz not every moment of every show is mosh-appropriate. Like, if things aren't real fast or heavy or wild or angry, it might not be a real 'mosh' time right now. Keep it in your pants and check back later. Go lift some weights or something to cool off in the meantime. Run in place if you have to.

1.2 And don't just assume no one else is moshing cuz they're too repressed or too shy to start a pit themselves. Remember: you are not mosh Kevin Bacon and this is not mosh Footloose. So don't try to 'liberate' people by suddenly slamming into them. Cuz it usually just means they don't want to mosh.

And, as much as you like to think you're a beautiful and unique snowflake like every other kid covered in Discharge patches and studs, moshing is a team sport; that means if no one else is doing it with you, it sucks and you lose.

The real reason no one but you wants to mosh is PROBABLY cuz it'd be dumb. Or they're old, who knows? But probably cuz it'd be dumb.

2. In fact, here's the first rule of mosh: it's usually dumb. All the planets have to be lined up perfectly for a mosh to not be dumb. And then it's awesome. But ONLY then. (Special rule: Any time anyone on any stage anywhere plays a Black Flag song, all the planets are officially lined up. Just start throwing yourself at people, cuz it is ON.)

3. If the answer to both those earlier questions (go re-read #1 if you forgot already, you hippy burnout) is 'yes', fuckin' go for it, dude.

The mosh light is green and it ain't gettin' any greener. Show off some of those new moves you've been practicing in front of your mom's full-length mirror while she's at work. Pick your buddy up and throw him. Spray your beer all over the place. Jump around and go nuts. Knock yourself out.

4. Just don't knock anybody else out. Especially people who aren't actually in the pit. This means no overly flailing arms, legs or crusty old rat tails and dreads (if someone gets one of those disease-ridden poo tubes you call your hair in their mouth or their eye, they'll have to get their head amputated and that's not fun). It's not a Power Rangers episode.

5. If you're standing right outside the pit, don't get pissed off if people from the pit are bumping into you or your girl. Get pissed off if they're doing round houses into you-hell, get pissed off if they're doing round houses 20 feet from you; that shit's for assholes--but if you're on the edge of the pit at a pit-appropriate show, them's the breaks. Deal, baby.

6. No dodging people either. If you're standing at the edge of a mosh pit, you've gotta be a 'bumper' for the people in it. It's just like sitting in a seat by the wings on a plane; sure, that seat gives you extra leg room, but if you wanna sit there, you've gotta man up and agree to take on the responsibility of opening the emergency exits for everyone else if the plane crashes. If you DON'T accept, you gotta take the walk of shame to another seat before takeoff... in front of a couple hundred people who now know you wouldn't be willing to open a fucking DOOR for them so they could get out of a burning piece of scrap metal and live to see their grandkids or goldfish, or whatever the hell it is people who love stuff wanna see again instead of dying.

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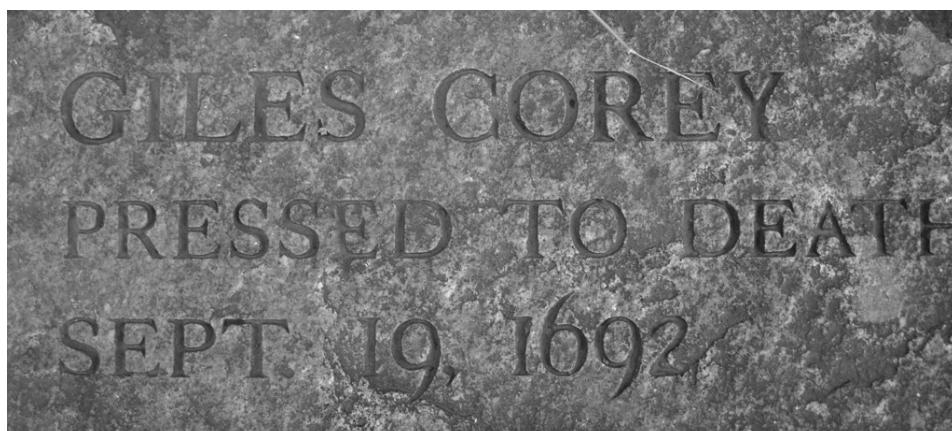
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SALEM'S LAME!

Words and photographs by Emmanuel Sayer.



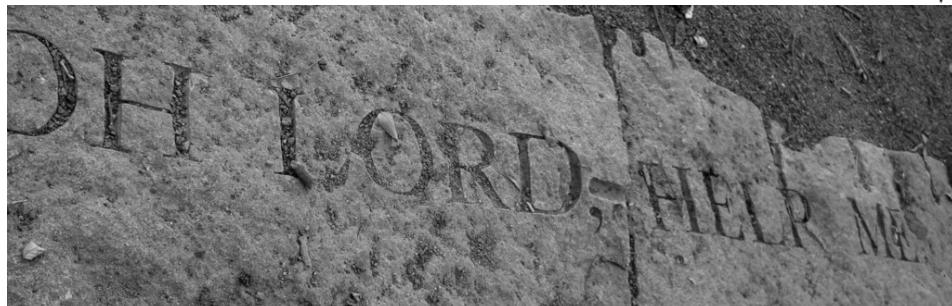
Old Burying Point is the second oldest known cemetery in the U.S.A. It was started in 1637 in Salem, Massachusetts, which is the town where the Salem Witch Trials went down in 1692. Next to the cemetery, there is a memorial for the 19 accused witches who were hanged on Gallows Hill in 1692. Giles Corey, a male witch (or 'wizard' as they were commonly referred to) was also executed--the only difference is that he was crushed to death under heavy stones because he refused to plead 'guilty' or 'not guilty'.



You'd think that with all of this heavy history, Salem would be kind of a creepy place. It isn't. Sure, it's cool that now there's a positive view of witches and they show just how silly the medieval hysteria was. That's great and all, but why did they have to make it so lame? Salem went from killing witches to making riches; it's just another safe tourist trap with guided tours, wax museums and gift shops selling witch hats and mugs and other useless spooktacular crap. Salem Witch Village has co-opted the whole thing in a safe, fun for the whole family, educational way.

The Witches Dungeon has air-conditioning and available seating. Salem Witch Village has "authentic spell castings" by "practicing witches" and is "appropriate for all ages". LAME.

I think I just kind of wish that the witches were still around practicing witchcraft and casting spells. They would be tolerated yet feared. You'd be able to come around and check it out and see what it was all about, but you'd be kind of terrified at the same time. If you did something to piss them off, there would be trouble. All in all, it would make Salem a much more interesting place to visit. +



NOTES FROM A DISSAPOINTING MAN!

Words by Mike Laderoute and drawing by Kyle Pellet.

This magazine needs an advice column. I have been telling Ben this for years. Sometimes I whisper it to him. Most of the time I do this when he's looking the other direction. But on the off chance that he isn't and notices me, I will follow up the awkward silence by letting my eyes do the talking. They don't say much because I have no soul. Or a soul that has been so compressed that it is barely there at all. Squished by a metaphysical garlic press.

Man, I hate garlic presses. They are so fucking hard to clean out.

Anyway, if you are reading this, then it suggests one of two things: either all of the other SI contributors have bailed on this month's issue or Ben has contracted syphilis and thus, his good judgment has been compromised (hint: I gave Ben syphilis).

Now, since I don't have anyone ever ask for my advice, I will kick off what I hope will become the worst reoccurring column in STANDARD ISSUE by telling you what I think is good. Or, in other words, "the best."



Best thing to drink at a gathering:

Wiesers Rye and water. You can carry a mickey of rye around throughout the night and go from place to place with relative ease and--above all--grace. Beers are refreshing and all, but hauling a drunk's worth from place to place (ohhhh, Mr. Popularity) throughout the course of a night can be a real pain in the asshole.

Plus, how many times have you overheard someone at a party saying, "dude, can I grab a rye and water off of you?" Hardly ever. Sure, by the end of the night when the keg's drained, people will hit you up for a swig of anything. But by then your mickey should be long into the liver. Plus, all the water you consume over the night will help lessen the hangover.

Actually, fuck the water. Wiesers Rye is the best alcohol on the planet. Word to God.

Best thing about wearing a plain suit all the time:

I feel like if I all of a sudden was transported a few decades back in time, no one would be the wiser. And then I could carry on with buying tomatoes or bookmarks or whatever the Christ it was that I was doing.



And you? Ye' olde timey people will just be laughing at your Tripp pants, homie.

Best thing to say when assholes in a shitty small town "club" chirp you for wearing a suit:

"I just came from my good friend's funeral." Dudes insulting you turn into dudes offering to buy you a drink.

Best thing about the internet and cell phones:

Ahhhhh, you thought I was going to say 'porn', right? Not so. The internet is awesome because it's making everyone socially awkward. Like me. Things like Facebook and text messaging are crucial because they are leading people to forget how to interact with each other in the real world, thus bringing everyone down to my level. In a world full of awkward, disconnected people, I've got a real shot. I'm back in the race. Eye contact, charm, charisma, conversational wit: these are all things I wish to culturally stifle. I can't afford the amount of alcohol required to keep me socially lubricated and charming all the time.

A society in which people cannot properly process or react accordingly to social situations is a society in which I am king!

Plus I'd be smarter than everyone. Like, "bitch, *later* ain't spelled with no 8."

Oh, and porn. Porn is good too.

Best Thing About Halloween:

Getting to dress up? Noooope.

Candy? Guess again, jackass.

It's getting drunk, you idiot! Just like every other meaningless annual celebratory event.

The novelty of being able to piss a pair of pirate pants or puke into a plastic pumpkin full of Snickers is just icing on the tombstone-shaped cake.

Best thing about Christmas:

Drunk.

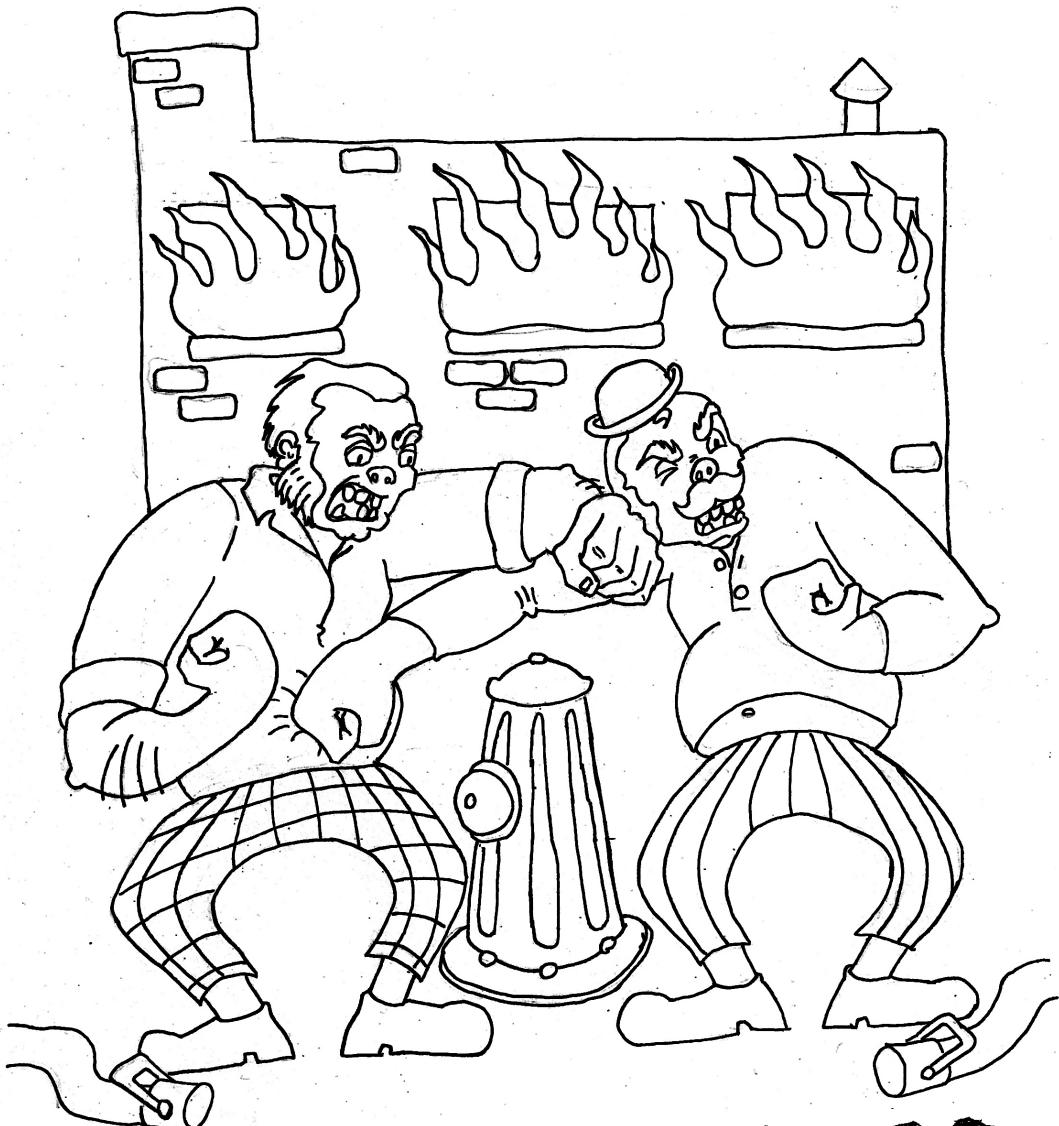
The Best Thing About Making A Fool Of Yourself in Public:

...is that making a fool of yourself in private is very hard.

Try it. Everything I speak aloud is brilliant and apropos... until it's heard by other humans. Only then does it seem dumb and inappropriate.

cont. on page 22...

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FIRE BRAWLERS!

Words and drawing by Ben Jensen.

Back in the first half of the 1800's, fire departments in US cities were all privatized. So there was no centralized fire department, just a bunch of volunteer companies in every city.

And these volunteer fire clubs all had strong gang ties. So strong that most of their volunteers were actually gang members, and that's how these fire companies were made up--they were all basically just a bunch of street gangs who fought fires on the side to make a little extra cash.

Whatever volunteer department got to a fire first was the one that got paid by the insurance companies. Whoever got there second also got some cash, but not as much.

The money they made putting out a fire would go to their department, and those were basically just private social clubs for the street gangs that ran them.

So let's say your house caught fire in a US city in the first half of the 1800's. Here's what you could expect to happen.

The members of at least a couple of fire clubs (but more like a few cuz there was heavy competition; in New York City alone there were 30 or 40 fire departments) would start running on foot to your burning house. If one guy got there before anyone else, he'd throw a barrel over the fire hydrant and fight off rival fire houses until his club's 'truck' got there. This guy was usually the biggest and ugliest member of a fire club, and them guarding the hydrants--or "plugs"--is how the term 'plug ugly' came around.

Once all the other guys from every fire club on the scene got there, a lot of the time you'd have a full-on brawl over which company got to plug their hoses into the hydrant. While this is going on, a bunch of the dirt-poor immigrants and street kids from the neighbourhood are rushing in and out of your burning house, looting the hell out of it. A lot of the time a house (and the ones next door) would burn to the ground while dozens of "fire fighters" beat the shit out of each other in front of it so they could be the ones to make some insurance money to buy hookers and booze for the night.

All this makes me ask one question: why isn't shit awesome any more?

AN INTERVIEW WITH LUKE FROM THE WHITE WIRES!

Intro and interview by Bén Jensen. Photos by Alyssa Iswolsky, Emmanuel Sayer and Paul Galipeau, respectively.



One day in Ottawa, two guys and a girl reached deep into the muck, and they each came up with an oozing fistful of awesome sound. One's was '50s guitar licks! Another's was '60s bubblegum pop melodies! And the last had all the lo-fi do-it-yourself trash that garage punk has to offer! And the three of them smashed it all together in one earth-quaking, knee-shaking, mother of a three-way high-five to create a garage-pop sound ten times catchier than mono!

...and it'll probably make you miss about as much work as you would if you WERE racked with the kissing disease--cuz you'll be too smacked out on their tracks to pull yourself away from the stereo (or computer, cuz their debut LP is seriously late). But who cares? Work sucks, THE WHITE WIRES rule!

So let's go talk to Luke Martin (bass/back-up vocals/mega-rich, pompous rockstar) about the wild new teen sensation that him and Ian Manhire (guitar/lead vocals/Machiavellian WWS founder and songwriter) and Allie (drums) have let loose on the world!

To start off, tell anyone who's not hip to THE WHITE WIRES phenomenon yet, what are you WHITE WIRES all about, and why should anybody care? Sell yourself. Go.

With the markets in such turmoil these days due to rising fuel and energy costs, speculation about the US housing market, uncertainty over food safety and a looming popped collars epidemic among the semi-moronic youth, I think people are really looking for someone they can rely on, someone they can trust. WHITE WIRES are that someone. We care. Plain and simple.

Who do you turn to when you ask yourself "what does the future hold for me and mine?" Or "when will I be able to eat an expired corner store bologna and mayonnaise sandwich again?", or "where am I and... uh... why?" We've got those answers. And loads more.

Which one is Ian's real hair: the luscious brown mop that he plays

shows in, or the sparse, blonde patch that's exposed when the brown hair falls off from rocking too hard?

I think in many ways they are both Ian's hair. He owns both sets of hair, so that's one way. There are also other ways too, but let's not get into them. I think we should feel honoured and privileged that Ian has hair at all, and that he is willing to share it with all of us. He's a generous man.

You and Ian both wear many hats. Between the two of you, you have a pin and apparel empire, an annual garage fest, a rehearsal space business, a record label, a zine, and some bands. How do you guys find the time between being smarmy businessmen to make THE WHITE WIRES so damn appealing to the kids these days?

The easy answer is: pure, unadulterated magic. I'm not talking about the wannabe 'abracadabra, hocus pocus, alakazam, presto change-o' that



you get from your middle-of-the-road Hollywood mentalist. I'm talking about voodoo. Now, I can't speak for Ian, but I would not be surprised if he too wakes up from a *Mait' Carrefour* prayer/trance, drenched in coq's blood and wearing clothes made of corn husks on a bi-weekly basis. It's a commitment. To community, to art, to better business and--above all--it's a commitment to powerlust.

Also, it's not easy to find a good voodoo shaman these days (you know, the kind that doesn't constantly turn you into a mindless zombie and command you to do his bidding)... plus it's even harder to get rid of him once you do find one, so you sort of just go with it til he takes the soul you've pledged him.

The hard answer: rampant societal ADHD.

On a side note: I lost my hat on Canada Day. It's the one that started out as a joke and then I got so used to it that it became part of my everyday life and now that it's gone I can't help but miss the darn thing. No one should ever have to experience that kind of loss ever again. Myself especially. I'm better than that.

How has the transition been for you, going from being lead singer of big-time glamorous somebodies THE MILLION DOLLAR MARXISTS to being bass player and back-up/chorus singer for small-time decrepit nobodies THE WHITE WIRES?

First, I'd just like to say that time is relative. I'm not sure what it's related to (black holes?) but I wanted to make sure that I put it out there. Next, I'd like to remind everyone how great it is to be a famous rockstar like me. For one thing, you get to speed well above the posted legal limits. Also everyone thinks you are cool and people of all sexual preferences find you attractive.

I mostly think of THE WHITE WIRES as a kind of pro-bono work in an attempt to inspire less-fortunate "musicians" to try harder. Not so hard as to think that they're better than me. Maybe, like, a close second. Definitely not equal though. You know, "thanks for coming out" kinda thing.

Anyway, most people don't even realize how famous I am when I play with THE WHITE WIRES. Whenever I get bored of some boring conversation that I have to listen to whenever the WIRES play, I usually just say "Do you even know who I am, Ian?". That usually shuts him up.

Of all the bands that have so far been started by all you MARXISTS since you broke up (MOTHER'S CHILDREN, SEDATIVES, URANIUM COMEBACK, THE WHITE WIRES), which band would win in an all-out rumble, and why?

If you are talking about a physical violence "rumble", then probably URANIUM COMEBACK. Between Tim and

Johnny there is an excess of stamina and testosterone, more than enough to make up for Seji's hippiness and Steve's last-minute forfeiture due to not wanting to rip his \$90 Ben Sherman 'BRING IT ON, PUNK!' t-shirt that he ordered online special for that very fight.

If we're talking Crumble Rumble, Dough Balls-to-the-Walls, All-Out-Bake-Off, then WHITE WIRES by a country mile. Me and Allie can bake circles around all those other chumps. They wouldn't even know what hit 'em. But rest assured... it would be fucking delicious.

What exactly the hell is going on with the WHITE WIRES LP? People are getting tired of waiting. It feels like you guys are our prom date and we are standing around in a beautiful gown and you are standing us up. Explain yourselves.

Since we're talking in euphemisms, let's just say that you, the people of Ottawa, were kind of our second choice to take to the dance anyway and well, "Mary Swanson" (ie: former Soviet Republic of Georgia) broke up with "Troy" (Russia) and now she wants to go with us. So, while you're at home fattening up "empty calorie frozen bon-bons and contemplating suicide (ie: reading STANDARD ISSUE), THE WHITE WIRES will be getting to second base in the high school parking lot. And by "second base" I mean lucrative oil pipeline and defense contracts.

What exciting and shiny new developments are on the horizon for the exciting and shiny WHITE WIRES?

Well I'd love to be able to say we have some releases coming out soon, and we do, but I won't say that. What I will say is that I have no idea what is going on. Seriously. Eventually the LP will be out and there's a good chance of a split EP later this year or early next but I'm not going to say anything that can be held against myself. Unless you wanna hold it against myself... gentle reader [Luke delivers this last line with a coy wink as charming as it is disarming--Ed.]

That's the kind of smooth only success creates. Uhmm.

Last question: remember when Ian pulled off his pants and underwear and did a pantsless frog dive into the crowd at the end of the GAGA FEST?

I've seen many sides of Ian. Including the side you can only see when he's bent over looking for his patch cord and the ass of his underwear has been intentionally burnt out. If Allie starts playing naked I'm going to have to very seriously consider if this band is truly representing my core, fully-clothed values. Do I really want to be in one of the "nude" infectiously poppy, fun-times-had-by-all type bands? Am I ready for that kind of exposure? A better question: is the world ready?

Come see the WHITE WIRES for the answer.

MYSPACE.COM/THEWHITEWIRES



AN INTERVIEW WITH NICK FROM BRUTAL KNIGHTS!

Interview, intro and photos by Pierre Richardson.

We're lucky we live so close to so many amazing bands. We get to see them roll through our town a couple of times every year, leaving a trail of records behind them. THE BRUTAL KNIGHTS are a hardcore band with hilarious lyrics and connections to JAY REATARD, and they're from the nearby metropolis of Toronto, so it wasn't hard for Ben and I to hassle their lead singer Nick Flanagan to answer some questions. If you haven't seen them play yet, you haven't been trying at all.

What's wrong with kids today?

Nothing. They're just fine. They split off into 'scene' kids and juggalos. Also some of them like lipstick glampunk like our stupid knockoff Buckcherry tribute band. We went to Denmark and there were these seventeen year old kids who liked us. It was surprising, and a ludicrous decision on their parts.

How come the regular version of the *Living By Yourself* LP doesn't have a lyrics sheet?

I don't know. That was a mistake. The CD will have a lyric sheet for sure. Plus some more songs. We're douches for doing that. The other day, our guitarist Jon asked us what we should call the CD version of *Living By Yourself*, since it has a bunch of extra tracks. Pretty much my only answer was to call it "*Living By Yourself*". Any other ideas?

What was the craziest thing that happened on or off the stage during the Fuck Yeah Tour* with MONOTONIX? [**The Fuck Yeah Tour was a punk/comedy tour that happened this summer, and only idiots missed it. PS: I missed it. -- Ed.*]

There were definitely some crazy moments. We had a couple of nights where 90% of the passengers [on the bus the bands/comedians/etc... toured on] were drunk. They always ended badly/weirdly/didn't end, and were part of an all-night drive.

We played Fort Worth and a lot of people were leaving afterward--Sean Carlson (one of the brains behind the tour), DEATH SET, a New York Times reporter, Todd Seelie (a photographer), Josh Fadem (one of the comedians), and Keith Morris were all leaving at like four AM that morning.

Unfortunately almost everybody got insanely drunk that night, which led to a lot of carousing on the bus while the driver went out of his way by about an hour or two to drop the leavers at the hotel. Damian, the percussionist for CRYSTAL ANTLERS, had his melodica out and was busting jams. For some reason we stopped outside of a plaza area, and everybody started to leave the bus. It was one of those Pavlovian responses; there was no reason to exit, and possibly no reason to stop. Keith Morris suddenly pipes up and bellows 'DOOO NOT LEAAAVE THE BUS!'

It was disarming and kind of shut everybody up. Awkwardly. There were also accidents, arrests and fires over the course of the tour.

BRUTAL KNIGHTS played the Canadian dates and you were also a comedian; what was it like performing stand-up in places that normally don't host that kind of thing, to crowds who normally don't go see that kind of thing?

There were some really cool shows for comedy, but I had a bit of a hard time sometimes. Definitely playing with D4 and the CIRCLE JERKS wasn't easy. I did have a fun time though.

What else besides the band and comedy do you do?

Currently my favourite project are videos and blogs I do for Toro Magazine--I'm the 'pop culture correspondent', which means I generally get to make fun of celebrities I know nothing about and have nothing against.





It's a blast and you can see the videos at toromagazine.com/popculture. I also freelance write a bit. And I usher at a music hall. I saw Cheech and Chong last week. Chong gets his total BC stoner wife to do standup before they play. One of her jokes was "They say Obama stands for hope. I hope he has a ten inch penis."

How do you like Ottawa?

I like Ottawa. There is food and drink.

How do you like Toronto? Is there anything exciting going on there these days?

I like Toronto, but I'm ready to move. Somebody get me out of here! How? We have exciting transit woes as well as some fun music that comes here because of a few people, Mark Pesci among them. We're playing with DEAN DIRG soon and are excited.

What are your favourite records of all time? Who is getting you excited these days?

I have some favourite hip hop singles of all time; #1 could very easily be 'Broken Language' by SMOOTHIE DA HUSTLER. Howard Stern is mostly what I listen to lately, but I listen so habitually that I'm no longer excited by it. That and BEST SHOW ON WFMU. I think I like the FROGS and the NO AGE singles collection. What's that called...? Oh yeah, I like ROT SHIT. Also, THE STOOGES were awesome live. Same with HOLY SHIT!

What's the deal with Toronto promoter Dan Burke?

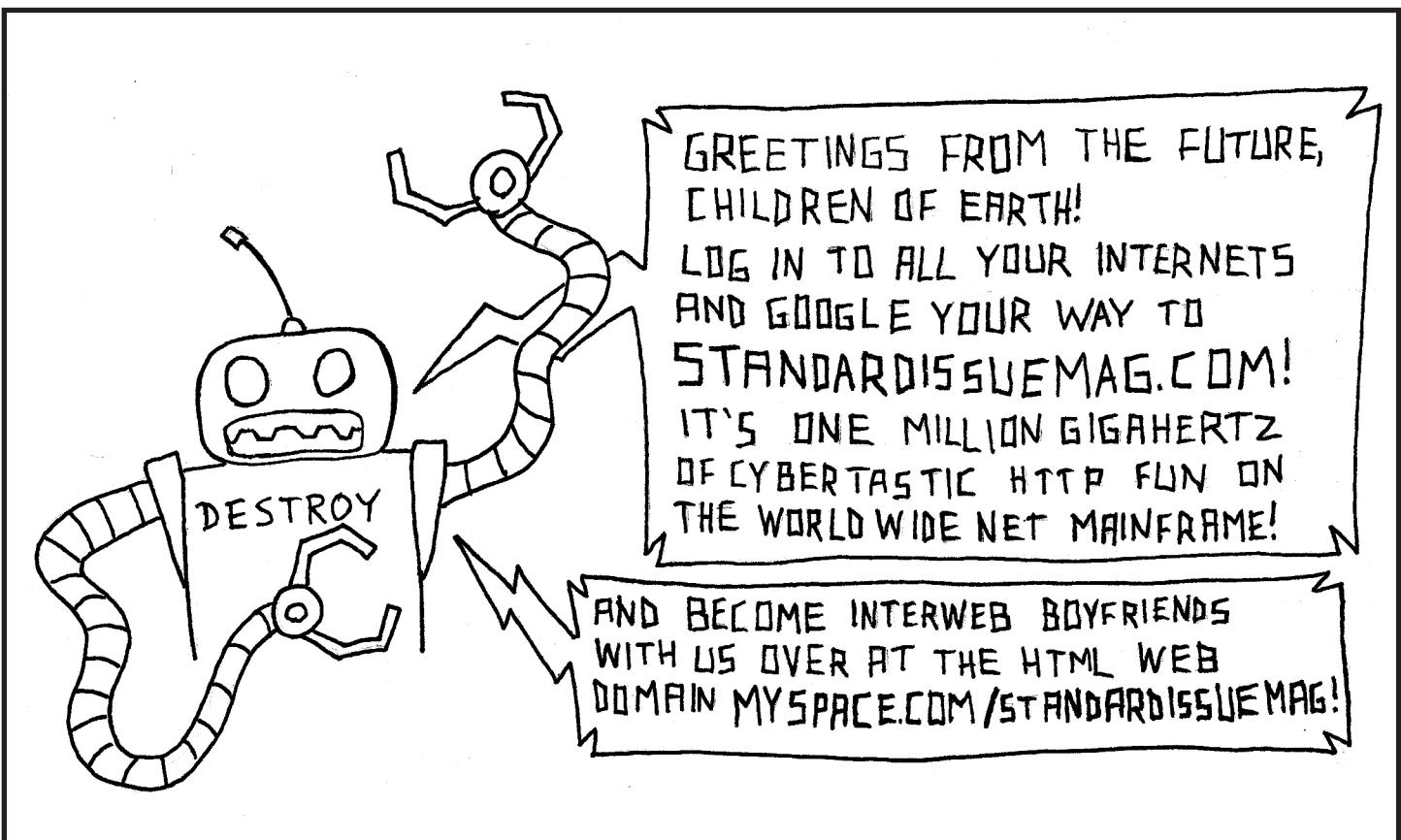
His deal has been told and retold by he and by others all over the internet, but in essence he is a former reporter who became a show promoter in the late nineties. He most famously ran the El Mocambo's booking until it was sold. I was his assistant shortly after that point, which was tricky.

Now he books shows at the Silver Dollar and The Velvet Underground (yes we have a club called this in our terrible city). He's a really smart guy. He's taken lumps but is still around, putting on shows. Check him on YouTube, he's blowin' up.

What's coming up on the horizon for for the BRUTAL KNIGHTS? Records? Tours?

Not really too much, recording-wise. We're releasing *Living By Yourself* on CD with some new Seripop art and a bunch of our singles on it. Otherwise, we'll hopefully have some new songs by the end of the year. I'm hoping for a "when it rains it pours" occurrence vis-à-vis songwriting. We're headed to Pop Montreal and The Halifax Pop Explosion, with an exciting East Coast tour in November. Then Europe sometime in 2009. Otherwise, who can say?

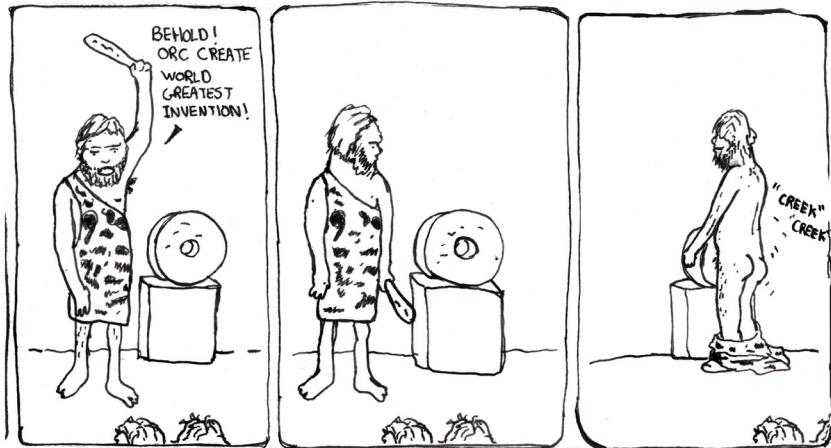
MYSPACE.COM/BRUTALKNIGHTS



SOME COMIX!

By Mike Laderoute.

Hey, kids! Take a break from all that heavy intelekshul readin' with these comix strips from Mike Laderoute! Here, start with this one:



Now stuff your eyeballs with THIS gem right here:



Alright, finish off with this one here then hit the showers:



Get loose now.

+



Where we talk about stuff and tell you whether to like it or not.

Reviews by the Standard iSSUE Street Gang.

A REVIEW OF THE REVIEWS SECTION

(Written by Mike Laderoute)

5 out of 5? 4.5 out of 5? 5 out of 5? If I remember correctly (and I do) the only "review" in the last issue to receive a low rating was of a Crest tooth brush that played 'Rock 'n Roll All Night'.

Kiss's pathetic, embarrassing cash-in off the dental industry was the only bad review? Come on! I'm all for record reviews (kinda), but if record reviews are to make up the bulk of STANDARD iSSUE's intellectual content, is it too much to ask that they galvanize the public every once in a while with a "what the fuck does this clown know anyway?"

I don't have a problem with the writing in the reviews. Because we are awesome. My grudge is with the rating system.

I mean, if you're going to have a review section comprised solely of albums the reviewers choose to listen to a lot, then why the rating system? Why not just title the section "ALBUMS WE LIKE?" Or, have a "good" or "shit" rating system with no room for grey. Carruthers enjoys some pretty wacked-out horse shit that I'm sure Ben can't stand. Ben: when you're doing a layout, jump in there with an **editors note: Contrary to what so-and-so thinks, this album is actually an unflushed public toilette" every once in a while.

Without these changes we come dangerously close to one big vinyl circle jerk. Again, I'm not trying to slam the (best) zine (on Earth). Hell, I'm a main contributor to this concord of paper airplanes. Pro bono at that.

I'm just tired of seeing "good," "good," "great!" record reviews. I won't stand for super PC, new age, over-enthusiastic, patchouli smellin' burnouts who'd have me believe that everything is "groovy" and that I need to "mellow out, man." And so I hold SI to these same high standards of excellence.

I guess my dream is to one day open the pages of SI and see an up-and-coming local band review that states, simply and ever so gingerly, "this band sucks more dick than Lynne Cheney."

Are we here to entertain people or crush spirits? Answer: both. **4.5 out of 4.6**

A REVIEW OF MIKE'S REVIEW OF THE REVIEWS SECTION

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Holy shit, you guys. Mike's right. Our rating system is junk. What do we review here? Albums we buy. What albums do we buy? Albums from bands we like. What bands do we like? The best bands on Satan's left nut (AKA: earth). So the only way any of them is gonna get a bad review is if they do something bizarrely awful like a slam poetry album or join a "collective".



DEMON'S CLAWS - THAT OLD OUTLAW 7" (Profet)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Ever since I saw DEMON'S CLAWS play the A&B SPEEDSHOP basement show way way back in last weekend, they've been one of my favourite bands. THE DEMON'S CLAWS sound can best be described (by a semi-literate buffoon like me at least) as a heavy, Johnny Cash or even Bo Diddley rhythm relentlessly plowing its way through the reverby-murk of Black Lips-style garage punk, and the whole thing runs on whisky, sweat and YOUR blood.

And I'm hooked on it.

Their garage-stomp roots punk and we have been closer than Lemmy and Motorhead ever since. We and their music have been spotted walking the beach together, hand in hand, wearing ugly-but-comfortable footwear we bought each other at the Army Surplus store.

So it's gonna be hard for me to cast aside this somewhat middle-aged-lesbian-like affair and DEMON'S CLAWS' music have going on to judge this incredible single unbiasedly.

That being said, I give this brilliantly world-shaking single a solid, un-wavering 5 out of 5.

A review of the album art: A black & white photo of them just sitting around? Boring. The "Fucked On Ketamine" album cover's way better. 1.5 out of 5.



GATORADE TIGER

(Written by Ben Jensen)

If you're like me...and tiger Woods...you've probably heard of the new GATORADE TIGER. Not enough ELECTROLYTES in that bitch. But...Well, Tiger Woods finally had enough of that pussy water you Marys have been calling Gatorade, and decided to add 25% MORE electrolytes to that shit. That's almost TOO MANY

rade Tiger) by mistake. Although, if that's the case, you best stop on old-fashioned, 25%-less electrolyte Gatorade (AKA fairy piss) cuz I can't see Gatorade continuing to make that sivil for much to now that everybody's going apeshit and selling their grandmas juice as much as Gatorade Tiger as they possibly can.

Did you know that golf is the most demanding "sport" on your electrolyte supply in the world? And, by putting 'sport' in quotes, I mean that golf is the most demanding questionably-called-a-sport game or perhaps "activity"-on your electrolyte supply, beating out top "sports" like chess and dress-wearing. **6.25 out of 5.** (That's better than perfect.)

SHOPLIFTING

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Did you know MAD Magazine costs \$5.99 now?? That's obscene! I have to work two days to make that sivil scratch. Shopping rules. **5** (finger discount HAR HAR) out of 5.

GETTING BUSTED SHOPLIFTING A COPY OF MAD MAGAZINE WHEN YOU'RE ONLY 20'S

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Can't write. Too busy making a noise out of the insam of my pants in the holding cell. 1 out of 5.



HOLY COBRAS - KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY STUFF cassette

(Written by Ben Jensen)

If you don't like this new HOLY COBRAS cassette, I mean it when I could you possibly want to buy it?

Plus, I don't know SHIT about music, so coming up with a specific number between 1 and 5 for every fucking album I review is brutal. I'm no math wizard, but if you account for half ratings, there must be QUADRILLIONS of ratings you can give an album out of five. So how do I know I'm giving it the right one? Tossing around random ratings in a zine with a circulation in the LOW HUNDREDS is like firing a gun into a crowd: just too risky. But also too inefficient.

From now on, we're only giving out one of two ratings: SHITTY (if something's bad) or NOT SHITTY (if something's better than bad). That should clear stuff up around here a bit.

Mike's also right that we should take the time to trash more local bands. So I'll take this time to say ENNUIE, KISSING WITH POPROCKS and HEMI LOCO are some local bands I've seen live, and I'd rather climb a tire fire naked than have to sit through them again.

All in all, Mike, good review. I give it our first ever NOT SHITTY.

BRIGHTS HEARTBREAKERS



BRIGHTS - HEARTBREAKERS CDEP (Square Up Records)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Not that STANDARD ISSUE FUCK YOU MAGAZINE cares about looking biased (we are), but I'll go full disclosure on this one and say first off that half the guys in this band are friends of mine and the other half are family (and also friends). And I'm only mentioning that cuz I probably wouldn't have given this EP a chance if they weren't. Cuz melodic punk is not the type of stuff I normally listen to.

But this EP is WAY better than most of the stuff I don't listen to. It's poppy and melodic, but thanks to some driving drums, '90s skate-punk style riffs, and anthemic songwriting, it does it all without getting too soft (I've read reviews calling it "emotional" and, I guess, yeah there are "emotions" in it, but the lyrics seem to mostly be about life kinda sucking in general, not so much high-school romance or any of the other horseshit I'd normally associate with the term "emotional").

I probably wouldn't've thought of this on my own, but I know these guys are influenced by HUSKER DU and THE REPLACEMENTS, and I can definitely see that on this EP. PJ Catsiannis' songwriting is the kind that's big on catchy, up-front hooks but it also doesn't cheap out on the subtle grabs; those little harmonies or key changes that you might not've noticed the first few listens, but wait for every time after you do.

I definitely like two of the tracks ('Home' and 'Heartbreakers') a lot more than a couple of the others, but basically, this EP is so solid, it kinda makes me jealous for the dudes out there who's main deal is this brand of punk rock. Cuz I'm pretty sure for those guys, discovering this band is like discovering MINOR THREAT or WU-TANG. NOT SHITTY

A review of the album's artwork: Nice, clean bit of artwork on the front. It's actually just a detail of the full graphic, which looks really good on a t-shirt (go buy one of their t-shirts, you'll look cool when you wear it), but doesn't really grab me all that much as an album cover. NOT SHITTY

BRUTAL KNIGHTS - MY LIFE, MY FAULT 7" (Spin the Bottle Records)

(Written by Emmanuel Sayer)

The A side of this 7" rips hard. Fast and catchy stripped-down punk rock like you'd expect from BRUTAL KNIGHTS. The first two songs have self-deprecatingly autobiographical lyrics. The title track is about how his life sucks and he has no one to blame since he's the one who fucked it up. ("Did not go to school so cannot get a job. Do not shave balls, less appealing for blow job.") The second track, 'Be My Babysitter', is about how he can't take care of himself. ("I am more babyish than Bruce Willis

in 'Look Who's Talking Too'.) The third track is 'Done With Music' and is about music being useless since everything has already been done and it's boring and how BRUTAL KNIGHTS are done with it. ("Songs are bad. Silence rad.")

I assume that the fact that they're done with music is the explanation for the B side (concept record?). It's a dance song complete with drum machine called 'Bowling with Friends' which is exactly what it's about. ("Bowling is a good time. It is not a sport.") Despite the fact that you'll never listen to the B side ever again, the three songs on the A side make this 7" definitely worth picking up in my opinion. NOT SHITTY

CHARLIE & THE MOONHEARTS - THUNDERBEAST cassette & MP3s (Telephone Explosion)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Most of the stuff on this tape is original (and killer), but here's some stuff I noticed that Orange County garage/surf/punk band CHARLIE & THE MOONHEARTS ripped off (or at least came dangerously close to) on this album: 'Theme From Batman', 'Teenage Kicks' and DEL SHANNON (oh, no wait, that one's actually a cover).

So does it get a bad review? Well, let me put it this way: if your neighbour has an awesome TV and you ripped it off while he's at work one day, is the fact that it's ripped off gonna make the TV any less awesome? No, if anything it's just gonna be AWESOMER cuz now it's in your bathroom so you don't have to miss a SECOND of Golden Girls. NOT SHITTY

A review of the album's artwork: A colour photo of the band playing? The DEMON'S CLAWS cover and especially this one show TELEPHONE EXPLOSION's really stepping up their game when it comes to album art. This tasteful little cover's a nice welcome to the big leagues. NOT SHITTY

THE CREEPS - THESE WALLS 7" (Black Pint Records)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

One of my favourite lines from King Of The Hill was from this one episode where Hank was confronting a bunch of shitty, dreadlocked, barb wire-tattooed Christian rockers, and he said about Christian rock: "You're not making Christianity any better, you're just making rock and roll WORSE".

With all the shitty genital-free mall rat bands like SUM 41 and GOOD CHARLOTTE floating around these days calling themselves "pop-punk", it's pretty easy to forget that pop-punk's not in the same ballpark (or filthy bathhouse) as Christian rock.

(cont.)



THE CREEPS
these walls ep

But Ottawa veterans THE CREEPS are out there doing their part to remind people that there are still bands around that can throw some pop in their music without giving the finger to everything else that makes punk the best music around.

This EP is the kind of shit that gets kids into punk and keeps them there with no regrets when they get older. It's ridiculously catchy but it's also got more than enough edge to it to keep anyone older than 16 and with more testosterone than Miley Cyrus interested.

One listen to this EP and you'll be wishing you could claim something like THIS was what got you into punk instead of whatever Warped Tour-ing, sponsored-by-a-clothing-line, "pop-punk" band it probably REALLY was. NOT SHITTY

DEMON'S CLAWS - SICK CHILI cassette & MP3 (Telephone Explosion)
(Written by Ben Jensen)

Alright, so on the off-chance you're one of the few guys who reads STANDARD iSSUE that ISN'T broke and homeless, imagine you are. And you're real hungry. You're wandering around just trying not to pass out and die, when you stumble upon the most awesome restaurant you could ever imagine. This place is even better than Harvey's. So you know that dumpster out back is gonna be full of some of the best scraps and leftovers you ever had. You'd gladly pick off any maggots and fight off any stray dogs to get at the treasures within. And you would give that dumpster a perfect review.

That's what this cassette is--scraps and leftovers from the dumpster of one of the best bands out there: Montreal's hillbilly/garage punks DEMON'S CLAWS. Even if you picked the track list with a dart and a blindfold, it'd be pretty hard to put out a shitty comp of DEMON'S CLAWS B-sides, rarities, demos, covers and live cuts. So, giving this album a good review is kinda like giving our friends over at TELEPHONE EXPLOSION RECORDS a high-five for beating up a two-year-old, but whatever. Shit's killer.

This cassette was super-limited, so you probably missed the boat on this one, but word on the street is TE's gonna be pressing this one to vinyl in the future.

(Oh yeah, PS: This thing is 19 tracks and it only costs six bucks. TE should be getting a tax receipt for this thing.) NOT SHITTY

A review of the album's artwork: This one comes in a slipcover that's pure black except for the spots of white that mark the DEMON'S CLAWS members' flesh, beer, and cigarettes and the large Christian cross they're drinking and smoking around. And as far as TE RECORDS release liner notes go, this one's pretty extensive, giving studios/dates for each recording and listing who plays what where. A tidy lil' package. NOT SHITTY

DOWN LIKE THE REST - BARELY BREATHING CDEP

(Written by Ben Jensen)

What the fuck have I gotten myself into? Since I've been spending so much time on the stupid computer trying to finish this issue, I downloaded 'solitaire', cuz I forgot how easily I get addicted to it and now my life is a living hell. Around the same time, I saw that DOWN LIKE THE REST--a hardcore band out of Chicago I know of cuz Nina's friends with one of them and I met him at a wedding in Providence--were offering up their new EP for download for free.

So I downloaded it. After that, my life just became a blur of playing computer solitaire while listening to the DOWN LIKE THE REST EP. And if I started doing one without the other, I'd instinctively bring the other to the party. Listening to DOWN LIKE THE REST and trying to pay my bills over the internet? Fuck that bourgeoisie bullshit, open up solitaire. Playing solitaire while talking to a friend or loved one on the phone? Hang up on that loser and hit play on that *Barely Breathing* EP.

DOWN LIKE THE REST managed to pull off an EP as addictive as computer solitaire by mixing hardcore, punk and thrash in perfect doses; using the f-word more times than Scarface; making everything heavy and epic as hell without ever breaking the four minute eleven second mark (ie: without getting boring); and even managing to remind me of ANNIHILATION

TIME and THE JR EWING (back when they were awesome) sometimes. I don't know if this thing is still available for free, but go make MySpace friends with them and see. Tell them STANDARD iSSUE sent you. They won't know what you're talking about, but you might as well give us credit. NOT SHITTY

FUCKED CORPSE/WAX ATTIC SPLIT LP (self-released)
(Written by Ian Manhire)

FUCKED CORPSE is made up of several of the dudes from the 59 ARGYLE crew. All the primitive cave dwellers remember the parties down there! For those of you unfamiliar with that address, it's in downtown Ottawa and was the host of many of the most awesome basement parties I've ever been to.

I think it's so great when a band makes a record and presses it to vinyl. It's especially exciting for me when it's a band I'm friends with and have played shows with. In my opinion, anybody who lives commune style with their friends and opens the doors up to host basement parties is golden!

After a half dozen listens, this really started growing on me. I like the songs and the weirdo-patching-together of sound loops between songs. RAD! I hear a resemblance at times to some of the trash pop of late, and at other times a resemblance to LES SAVY FAV... which are both really good things! At other times, I don't hear a resemblance to anything I'm familiar with... also a really good thing!

Right away, the intro is wicked! Sounds like an ARGYLE party! On to the first track, my personal favourite. I really like the feel, it's got that wicked blown out pop sound... that trash echo I just can't get enough of on a record! With several singers, it seems also like there are several writers too. At least that's how I'd figure they'd be able to produce such a spectrum of ideas.

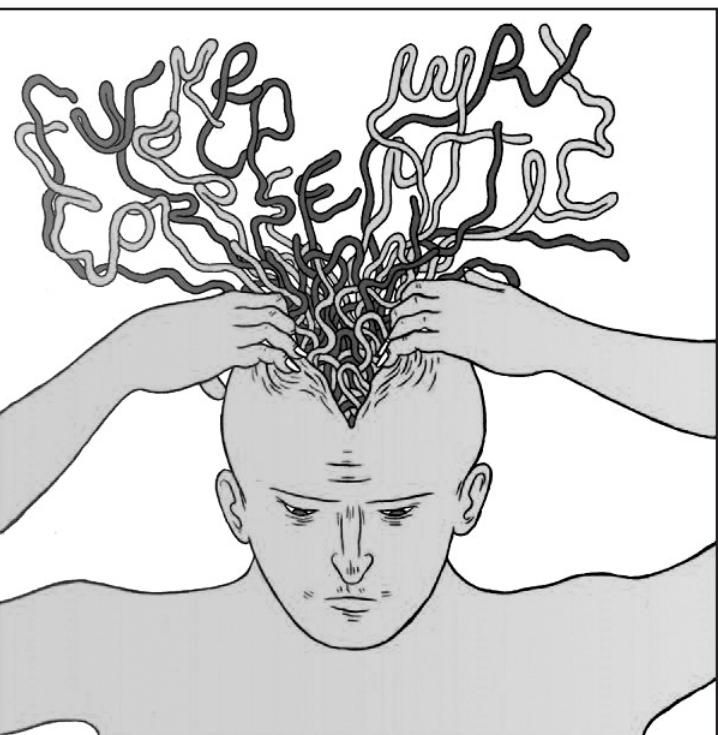
The way I see it, somewhere along the lines, art was abducted from the music family, and the family was broken, lacking guidance from the only cool purpose it ever had. Art doesn't want to come back, because the family got lame. We get random phone calls from far away places every once in a while, reminding us of where the art from the music family has taken off to.

(Ding a ling)

...Hello?

It's ART, I'm in Ottawa, in a cave of a basement, beating the shit out of a guitar with my friends spinning tape loops, yelling, pounding on keyboards and bashing drums.

(cont.)



(click)

There IS a style to this band--the tape loops, the bigger-than-four gang band, the budget instruments, the switcheroos--it's totally bohemian. It's kinda like something you might expect to find in the 60's in Berkeley. I really dig those things. To me, the only uncool, is that without style... the formatted, pre-packaged, cookie-cutter status-quo is not cool. A strange mix of strange dudes writing songs and recording records captures my interest immediately.

As for the WAX ATTIC side of this record... well HOLY SHIT! There is some serious damage to this band. To me, it sounds like the chaos that would happen if you put a crackhead in a studio with a guitar shredder and a drum machine. Don't misinterpret, I know MATT from the band, he's an amazing dude, and definitely an unsuspicious non-crackhead. On these recordings though, there's a frantic voice, over guitar shred, over a drum machine... it's a paranoid angry nightmare!

If I was botched on meth and walked into a dark basement and these guys struck a chord, I'd probably slit my wrists. Conversely, if I was say... oh I don't know, happy about it being Friday, and walked into a record store, and these guys struck a chord, I'd ask 'em what was playing, and pick myself up a copy of this split. **NOT SHITTY**

FUCKED UP - YEAR OF THE PIG 7"

(Written by Pierre Richardson)

US version (Year Of The Pig b/w Mustaa Lunta)

Year Of The Pig

The female vocals by Jennifer Castle are really nice on this radio edit version of the song, as they are on the 12". Haunting, and a nice contrast to the gruffness in Pink Eyes' voice. I guess it lacks the epicness of the original 12", but still holds some of the same energy.

Mustaa Lunta

The title means 'black snow' in Finnish, I think. This song is a typical, driving FUCKED UP jaunt. The lyrics deal with the need to want more out of life. Angry and blunt, a really solid and listenable song when you want to quit your job and live in a shed. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the single's artwork: Traditional FU-ed design with the release and band name along the top, as all three of these 7"’s have. All the inserts have a picture of a shepherd on one side and the lyrics on the other. The image on the cover of this one is of two farmers and their slaughtered pigs. Heaviest of the three. **NOT SHITTY**

JAY REATARD

SINGLES 06-07



UK version (Year Of The Pig b/w Anorak City)

Year Of The Pig

This version of YOTP starts a little further into the 12" version and clocks in at about a minute longer.

Anorak City

An anorak is a type of jacket that's typically worn by people who will talk to you endlessly about their banal hobbies like trainspotting in the UK. Again, this b-side has none of the luxuries of keyboards and fancy overdubs, throwing it back to the early days. The totally weird distorted backup vocals on this song make it one of my favourites from this wave of three 7"’s, maybe tied with the Japanese version of YOTP. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the single's artwork: A drawing of a pig boiling a wolf or dog in a cauldron of some kind. The flames rise higher as the beast expires. Best cover of the three, visually. **NOT SHITTY**

Japanese version (Year Of The Pig b/w For My Friends)

Year Of The Pig

The most messed-around-with version of all. Tons of echo during the intro make me feel like it's going to break into a reggae version, and I kind of want it too. Jennifer Castle's vocals are layered all over itself, then stop suddenly and break into a drums/bass/keyboard part, and Pink Eyes comes in, building up the intensity. I kind of got lost in the heaviness, then they cut out to just guitar and organ and chimes or something, and it was all over.

For My Friends

A no-wave mash of distorted bass and Pink Eyes' shouting makes this a pretty bizarre outing for the band, but they totally pull it off. The last line is "you wear me down", which I hope never becomes the case. I played this song again just to hear it; better the second time. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the single's artwork: On this one, all the text but the band name is in Japanese, which is pretty rad. A big pig and three little piglets leaving a barn on the cover of this one. They are smiling and walking on their hind legs. Happiest of the three. **NOT SHITTY**

GENTLEMAN JESSE - S/T LP (Douchemaster)

(Written by Steve Adamyk)

This is me, making a conscious effort to avoid drooling as I write this review. After the surprise *Bitchfork* praise, making numerous Top 10

(cont.)



lists for MRR contributors and last, but totally least - getting shit-can slammed by VICE - I figured the Atlanta native has seriously had enough praise for one lifetime.

Honestly though, like I can even begin to be critical of my favourite record of the year thus far. I've been waiting for this release ever since the second I took the needle off the I Don't Wanna Know single. The only thing that crosses my mind is that this record will, without a doubt, have the curse of the JAY REATARD effect. Thousands of indie, scarf-wearin' Glass Joe's sitting around saying 'All the hype for THIS? This boring, simple record?'. THAT'S THE GODDAMN POINT, YOU FUCKING SHIT-FILLED CLOWN SHOE. God forbid a band not being as avant-garde as they possibly can be and actually making something to-the-point.

The hilarious part about this soon-to-be hype, is that a lot of dinkholes will most definitely hate this LP. In my opinion, the world isn't quite ready for a power-pop revival, at least not in the mainstream. Shit, is there a power pop artist that has sold substantially EVER other than ELVIS COSTELLO and The almighty JOE JACKSON? I mean, other than the obvious EXPLODING HEARTS; and that being said, without the Pitchfork backing and them going down in flames BIG BOPPER-style, would anyone give a shit? I hope so, but who knows.

Point being, this is a wimpy, wimpy record. And it's the fucking best. 'Sidewalks' might be the ballad of the decade. This is coming from a guy who's also into bands with names like WARCY and WOLF BRIGADE. But when it comes down to it, for me, it doesn't get much better than this. **NOT SHITTY**

JAY REATARD - SINGLES 06 -07 Double LP (In The Red)/

JAY REATARD - SINGLES 08 LP (In The Red)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

This is just a bunch of JAY REATARD shit you already own, but now you don't have to flip the record as often. So, until they invent a robot butler that non-stop makes tacos and dishes out ass-kickings to hippies and rollerbladers when you're too tired, this is like the best thing in the world you can spend your money on. **NOT SHITTY**

MOJACK - UNDER THE WILLOW TREE (SST)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

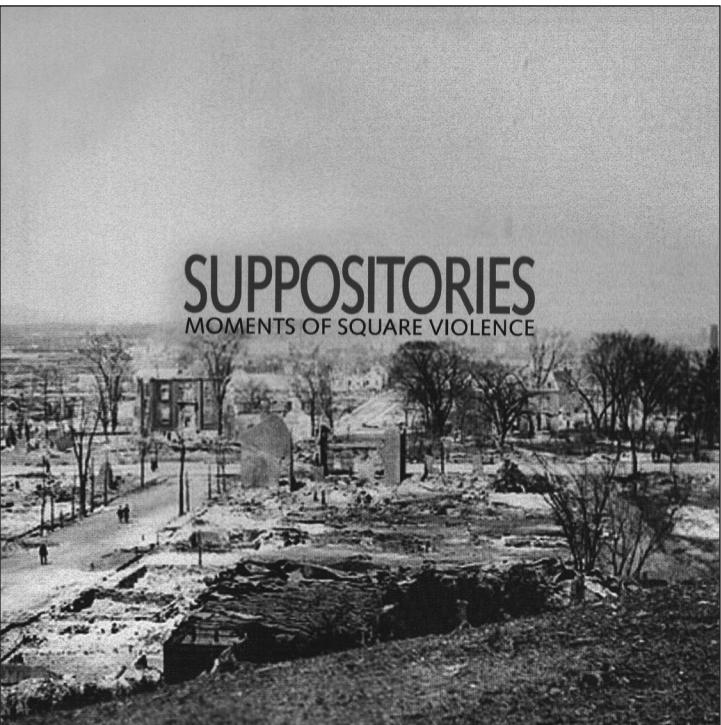
This is Greg Ginn from BLACK FLAG's new "funk-rock" project. Yeah, bummer. Instead of spending my precious time writing a review of this gong show, I'm just gonna re-print the 'about' page from his website (complete with typos and nonsense), and that should give you a pretty good idea why I'm giving this a 'SHITTY'. Anything in italics is shit I added to lighten the devastating mood.

"Though it's not what one would typically expect from the artist responsible for initiating the band Black Flag [oh good, I'm so sick of shit that's awesome], Greg Ginn's latest release with his funk rock band Mojack, is full of twists, turns [, annoying bullshit,] and time changes.

In true Ginn fashion [only not], you never get what you think you know [huh?]. Just as you loosen up to the sound and get comfortable [my comfort level with "the sound" fell somewhere around my comfort level with crib death], it changes—in and instant, and without warning. At first it might not make any sense, this cacophony of instrumentation, but as you put your ear to the test [hey, Greg: tests suck, punk rules—stick to punk], you begin to see the picture emerge [and it's a picture of some old balls on your face while you were sleeping last night].

Ten years in the waiting, Under the Willow Tree picks up where Home Brew left it hangin' [don't get too folksy on me here, Ginn]. In addition to Ginn on Guitar and Bass, it features Tony Atherton [anyone?] on Sax and Mike Lopez [anyone?] on Drums and Percussion. Atherton's sporadic bursts add an edge of chaos to the groove oriented... [fuck this, I can't take it anymore]" **SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: I have no idea what the artwork looks like, cuz I downloaded this thing for free off the SST website (it was still a rip-off), and I don't wanna ever find out, cuz I'm too scared it's gonna be what I imagine: a photo of a sweaty, head-banded, Greg Ginn with his eyes clenched tight, lost in some serious slap bass, while some guy with a ponytail "goes off" on a saxophone behind him. **SHITTY**



SUPPOSITORIES

MOMENTS OF SQUARE VIOLENCE

MY NEW CHIN UP BAR

(Written by Ben Jensen)

I bought a chin up bar. I mounted it in the best doorway in my apartment. I use it whenever I walk by it. I am addicted to it. I think about it when I'm at work, I think about it when you think I'm listening to you. In the two weeks since I got it, I have become INSANELY buff. I'm not saying I could kick all your asses now or anything, but probably. **NOT SHITTY**

THE NYMPHETS - FEELS LIKE MOTHERFUCKERS B/W BECKI-ANNE 7"

(Psychic Handshake Recordings)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Y'know what? Is it sexist if I say: fastest girl drummer ever? THE NYMPHETS play fast as hell and when their drummer, Johanna, plays, you can't even see the sticks. I've seen some (very few) guys play faster, but she is definitely the fastest girl. Hey, if the olympics are allowed to judge things that way, so am I.

These guys sound like BUDDY HOLLY would if he died in a rocket-ship crash instead of a plane crash. Does that make any sense? Or is it just weird and even more offensive than the "girl drummer" thing? Is this review bumming people out?

I dunno. I just hope these guys manage to stick together despite their long-distance situation (last I heard, band members were split between Montreal and Brooklyn) so I'll have plenty of chances to redeem myself in future reviews. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: It's printed on a pink sleeve and the front says 'The Nymphets' but with a bunch of the letters used randomly and too many times. I don't really get it, but it looks good, and I like the giant 'A' and 'B' on the back. It's got an insert, which is always a plus in my book, with a nice photo of the band where it looks like the two dudes are both marrying the fastest girl drummer in the world. **NOT SHITTY**

SUPPOSITORIES - MOMENTS OF SQUARE VIOLENCE LP (self-released)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

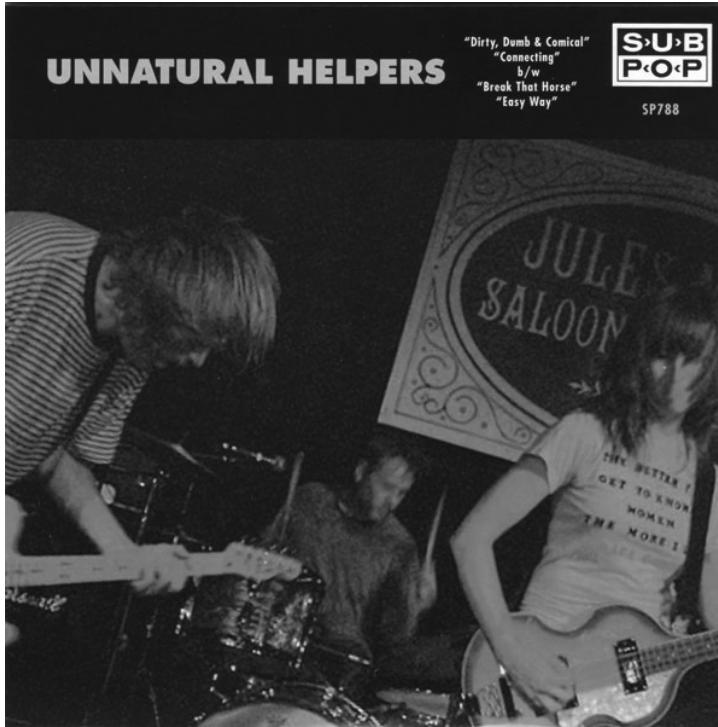
Y'know what this sounds like? This sounds like three dudes wrote an album's worth of killer WIRE-meets-FLIPPER minimalist bad-vibe songs and then, as if that weren't intense enough, some maniac trapped them in a house, lit the house on FIRE and told them they couldn't leave until they played their entire set list straight without fucking up (PS: violent feedback and a guitar tone that sounds less like distortion and more like a buzzsaw being put to death in the electric chair don't count as "fuck ups").

(cont.)

So this album's tense and it's urgent and it's fast, and sometimes the vocals sound like someone being burned alive, and it's all done by three madmen who play like they hate their instruments. And also you. And the asshole who locked them in that burning house.

Moments Of Square Violence is the best possible title for this LP cuz it sums it up perfectly: this album is nine short burst of a rigid ass-kicking. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The front cover's a blow-up of an archive photo of Lebreton Flats here in Ottawa after the entire neighbourhood burnt to the ground early in the 1900s. This photo is apt cuz



SUPPOSITORIES are ready to raze Ottawa to the ground all over again. This record looks rad as fuck and it's pressed on 180 gram vinyl too. Cool beans, huh? **NOT SHITTY**

TEENANGER - BANNED FROM THE BEAVER cassette & MP3s (Telephone Explosion)

(Written by Ben Jensen)

Did you think the first TEENANGER release was only awesome? Don't worry, you spoiled bitch--this one's even better. This is seven savage blasts of aggressive garage played quick and twangy from Toronto (by way of Ottawa, mostly)'s reigning garage kings and queen. This one'll have you stomping a hole in the floor and slapping your hands til they look like gnawed-at roadkill. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: A white, olde English style font on a scratchy black background. No graphic, no nothing. No nonsense, sure, but no awesome either. **NOT SHITTY**

UNNATURAL HELPERS - SUB POP SINGLES CLUB 7" (Sub Pop)

SA

Second single of twelve as part of the Sub Pop singles club. Subscriptions sold out quick and all singles are limited to 1500, only to subscribers. In short, I have one and you, do not.

I still know very little about this band, other than it allegedly contains members of KINSKI. From what I gather, they're relatively unknown, but a few messages boards have had users dubbing them as the "best live band in Seattle".

Four tracks on a single is a rarity for Sub Pop; not to mention at 33 and a

1/3. That alone made me curious, because I'm a total loser.

This little slab of brown vinyl will surely catch some unsuspected recipients by surprise. All tracks are mid-tempo, bass-heavy and dirty. Reminds me of a more bluesy MCLUSKY, with slightly more melodic vocals. Like the Welsh trio I just mentioned, they'll be a band that rockers and not-so-much rockers will be able to appreciate. Look out for a full length soon. **NOT SHITTY**

VIVIAN GIRLS - TELL THE WORLD b/w I BELIEVE IN NOTHING/DAMAGED 7" (Woodsist)

(Written by Pierre Richardson)

This band has been getting tons of hype, and it is totally deserved. Three hardworking girls playing shoegaze weird punk, making my ears happy. Their new LP sold out in a period of about 48 hours or so, but luckily In The Red has a repress going on as I type. The version of 'Tell The World' on this 7" is a little bit looser than the one on the LP, and I think I like it a bit more. Harmonized vocals and a driving bass line--perfect. The first song on the B-side is a little sparse on the lyrics but still packs a punch. I was hoping for a BLACK FLAG cover, but 'Damaged' turned out to actually be something almost as good: a free bouncing-along adventure in reverb. My favourite of the three. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the single's artwork: Black and white photo of the tattooed smiling girls in a bar. These are the type of girls you want to be friends with. **NOT SHITTY**

THE WALNUT KIDS "DEMO" CD-R (self released)

(Written by Emmanuel Sayer)

I can't stop listening to this thing. I've listened to it over and over and over again. These Montreal kids really know how to write hits. A cross between late 70's punk/power pop and 50's rock and roll, the songs are perfectly sloppy with great vocal melodies and guitar riffs. The fact that I've seen them cover THE BOYS, EDDIE & THE HOT RODS, THE BIG BOPPER and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS should give you a good idea of their sound.

There is a surprising amount of blazing leads all over these five tracks but they don't seem excessive at all. The recording quality on some of these songs isn't the best but the songs still shine through despite the bad production. There's a nervous and excited enthusiasm to the songs that is completely infectious. Something about it makes me think of being in high school and watching your friends' band play in their basement and to you and your friends it seems like they're the greatest band ever. You think that maybe you only think that because you're friends with them but they actually are that good. **NOT SHITTY**



OttawaWHAT'S UP!

Everything you need to know to not be bored.

Written by Ben Jensen. Photos by Gordon Ball, Andrew Carver and Paul Galipeau.

Oh my hell, it's a new issue of STD! And what's this tucked into the ass-end of it? It's a new edition of OttawaWHAT'S UP, giving you all the information you need to fully ravage and exploit this fair city of Ottawawesome!

What's new since last issue? A bunch, not least of which is local bands taking full opportunity to bullshit in these pages. Fine by me, this one's gonna practically write itself. Keep it up for the next one, guys. In fact, I want bands starting rap-style beefs in these pages for next issue. Get working on it.

Alright, here we go. Ottawa band news. Comin' right up.

Do ya like your punk lyrically bleak and catchy as all hell? You do if you're not a total retard. Well, the guys in **THE CREEPS** (myspace.com/capitalcitycreeps) aren't totally retarded either, and they've been giving Ottawa a steady stream of that kinda stuff for a few years now. This year's been no exception (they released their *Lakeside Cabin* full-length a few months ago), and it's gonna KEEP being no exception. Here's an e-mail I got from CREEPS frontguy Skottie Lobotomy to explain:

Being that we're trying to trying to tap into the uneducated, slovenly, probably-not-queer-but-giving-it-a-shot-anyway demographic, I thought I'd send some news your way for the next issue of iSSue:

The Creeps are releasing a new EP this year. That makes two releases in one year. Normally we manage one for every three years.

*It's an EP. It's being released on vinyl through BLACK PINT RECORDS, here in Ottawa. It's five songs, and it's called *These Walls*. We're aiming for an October release show, but it could end up being November since we're poorly organized and incapable of doing our own artwork.*

See you in hell,

skottie.

Flip to the reviews section to find out whether we tell you to like that CREEPS EP or not, and flip to the next paragraph to start reading about ANOTHER band Skottie's in called **THE VISITORS** (myspace.com/visitor sarecool).

THE VISITORS came out with a solid CD of instant powerpop/punk mega-hits earlier this year, and now they're up to some other stuff. Erin (bass, vocals) sent me this e-mail:

Well hello there, Ben!

THE VISITORS are going to be recording four new songs this month and will be putting out a 7" most likely late November or early December.

Also, at some point in the future, we will be in possession of one goat for a period of one week for the purpose of cheese manufacture.

Alright, now on to a band that's not allowed to be in possession of an animal for ANY purpose. **THE SUPPOSITORIES** (myspace.com/suppositories) are setting up to spread their minimalist bad vibes and rigid punk rock through the magic of audio recording; they've got the copies of their 12",

nine-song, 45 RPM record, *Moments Of Square Violence* (which is about the best title for a SUPPOSITORIES album possible) all ready to go, and they're gonna finally release it (and play a set) at **ROCK AND ROLL PIZZA PARTY** (myspace.com/rockrollpizzaparty) on November 13th. (Since I'm big-time, I've already got a copy and you can even read what I think of it in the reviews section.)

And it's gonna be harder than avoiding the SUPPOSITORIES' own album if you're some weak nerd who wants to dodge their harsh noise: Now that he's done recording and producing his OWN album, Ian Showalter (SUPPOSITORIES bass/vocals) has been busy recording and producing upcoming releases for local garage sensations **HOLY COBRAS** (myspace.com/holycobras) and **SAVAGE CRIMES** (myspace.com/savagecrimes).

HOLY COBRAS are putting out a new tape on **TELEPHONE EXPLOSION RECORDS** (myspace.com/telephoneexplosionrecords, telephoneexplosionrecords.com)



Andrew Carver/National Capital Rock 2008

The Creeps - Photo by Andrew Carver.



Andrew Carver/National Capital Rock 2008

sion.com) called *Make Pyramids* that's coming out "Octoberish". If you can trust the latest tracks on their MySpace and their set at a Halloween night house party, they're goin' for a psychedelic angle now. If you wanna trust a confirmed track from their new album, head over to their label's MySpace for a sample of that SONICS/MUMMIES/'50s rock and roll-style garage the COBRAS are known as far away as Kanata for. Looks like it'll probably be a combination of the two, which is cool cuz they both sound good. One thing that definitely HAS changed though is their bass player: it's Johnny Nash from **THE FUCKING MACHINES** (thefuckingmachines.net, myspace.com/thefuckingmachines) now.

Daniel Collins, the COBRAS' old bass player has some new shit going on too, including something called **BEACH BLANKETS**, that sounds like it's gonna be pretty cool. I know Mike and Ken (both from **THE SICK FITS** (myspace.com/sickfits) and **MOTHER'S CHILDREN** (myspace.com/motherschildren)) are in that one, and I think Daniel mentioned sax. Don't freak out about that though; I think it's gonna be like the kinda sax you'd hear in a LITTLE RICHARD or a SONICS track. Or I may be imagining the whole thing anyway. [UPDATE: Nope, I talked to Daniel at the A-Hole last night and he confirmed there WILL be sax. And he said my LITTLE RICHARD/SONICS comparison is probably about right.]

As for **SAVAGE CRIMES**, I'll let Todd (guitar/vocals) fill you in on what they're up to:

We just recorded with Ian from THE SUPPOSORIES and hope to put out a 7". We also have a show lined up with TEEN-ANGER (myspace.com/teenangerrr) from Toronto, and plan to release our own clothing line of hats.

And Matt Cosgrove's drumming for **SAVAGE CRIMES** now, after leaving local rockabilly ass-kickers **GUNSMOKE** (myspace.com/thegunsmoke) on good terms. Those guys have a new drummer now and are gonna be heading out on a tour of the Southwestern States.

Local hard-rock meets hardcore hard-asses **SLEEPING PILOT** (myspace.com/sleepingpilot, sleepingpilot.com) are gonna start recording a follow-up to 2006's *Panic Sex* in October, and are gonna try to release it "by the end of the year".

Y'know who else has been trying to release a record? Garage-pop idols **THE WHITE WIRES** (myspace.com/theewhitewires <--two 'e's in 'thee'; don't fuck this up when you're typing it into your magical internet go-box). But they're not doing so good. This LP shoulda been done about a million yesterdays ago. But I'm not gonna defend these guys; I'll leave all the explaining to **WHITE WIRES** head honcho and local wizard Ian Manhire:

We haven't jammed since CANADA day, because we're all busy

doin' other things. ALLIE went to GERMANY, LUKE went to NEW GERMANSY, and IAN went to KAZABAZUA. Even though we haven't been jamming, we probably got better...or worse. I'm sure we got something. Also, we finally got test pressings of a record we made in JUNE, but they messed them up badly, so we're back to waiting on a bogus manufacturing company.

Also in the WHITE WIRES news, our friend PIERRE took our pictures! And our friend KEN made us a design for the record jackets!

What else? We've got a bunch of new songs, but we're waiting until after the first record is out to do more with them. Looks like we made a friend in Montreal, so we [played] there with the MOTHER'S CHILDREN (myspace.com/motherschildren) and the WALNUT KIDS on SEPT 27 at the ESCO. We also made a friend in TORONTO! Can you believe it? Looks like we're gonna play there sometime too!

Some new t-shirts are coming up...uh, maybe we'll play a show someday if we ever get records.

I think I'm running out of news here...we gotta do more... since the last STD ISSUE we played the GAGA WEEKEND, and CANADA DAY...both at 59 ARGYLE, both wicked parties!!! My favourites!

We'll get this thing going soon...

Did I hear Ian mention **MOTHER'S CHILDREN**? I went to the bathroom while he was going on, so it was hard to hear. Here's what **MOTHER'S CHILDREN**'s own Kenny James has in the way of news for his PRETTY THINGS-meets-THE KINKS-meets-THE BOYS band made up of ex-members of MILLION DOLLAR MARXISTS and SICK FITS:

EXTRA EXTRA Mother's Children Are OTTAWA's answer to CHEAP TRICK LIVE AT BUDOKAN

Also, we've finished recording songs for an upcoming single--label not known.

We're building a tour boat out of stolen recycle bins

Ken might get a cellphone

Davey got a job at Spaceman

Mike got a facebook



Savage Crimes - Photo by Andrew Carver.



Tim is actually a tractor

That's all I can think of at the moment, I'll hit you back if anything else comes up!

Oh wait a minute, it turns out local wizard Ian Manhire wasn't done talking yet. Here's what he's got to say about his record label, **GOING GAGA RECORDS** (myspace.com/goinggagarecords):

There are a lot of things piling up in the garbage can at GOING GAGA RECORDS.

In fact, this can is overflowing, and spilling over.

There's trash everywhere...so I'm busy picking out my favorite pieces!

If I said I knew which records were actually gonna be coming out soon, I'd be full of it. You see, I've been waiting on factories to press up my measly little limited run orders for 4 months now...who knows when they're gonna arrive??? There will definitely be a WHITE WIRES LP, a SUICIDE WRISTS 7", a CRYPTOMANIACS split 7", and a TOILETTES 7". The rest...well, we'll see what happens between now and 2009, and I'll know what records are next.

Watch www.myspace.com/goinggagarecords for cupcakes.

It'd be tough trying to find another guy as busy as Ian amongst all these fucking slackers kicking around Centretown. Oh wait, here's one now. It's Emmanuel and he's got all his shit with him. Let's let him lay it down in front of us:

FIVE & DIME (www.fiveanddime.ca) is me and Luke's new shirt/pins/posters/etc.etc. company...

I have a new radio show called WAITING TO BE FORGOTTEN (waitingtobeforgotten.blogspot.com) which is on CHUO 89.1 FM every tuesday at 12 pm. You can download the show at waitingtobeforgotten.blogspot.com if you can't figure out what exactly a "radio" is.

ROCK N' ROLL PIZZA PARTY (rocknrollpizzaparty.wordpress.com) is hip and cool and also has a blog too!!! LAME!!!

Rumour has it the second PUNK ROCK KARAOKE night is going down at BABYLON on November 8th.

What's PUNK ROCK KARAOKE? It's your chance to sing lead vocals to some of your favourite punk classics from BAD BRAINS, MISFITS, AGENT ORANGE, BLACK FLAG, THE GERMS, THE CLASH, THE SEX PISTOLS, EDDIE

& THE HOT RODS and tons of others, all with a live band playing the back-ing track/back-ups.

Who's the live band? Well, members of Ottawa's reigning '80s-style hard-core kings **THE FUCKING MACHINES** (thefuckingmachines.net, myspace.com/thefuckingmachines) would make the most sense for an '80s hard-core-heavy set, so guess what? They're some of the guys doing it. So go get drunk and impress all your friends with your ability to remember the words to a short song!

THE FUCKING MACHINES are on hiatus right now since one of their guitar players, Dave "The Professor" Jackson, has gone back to school at Western to finish up his PHD, so this might be your last chance to see them in any kind of action for a few more cold cold fucking weeks. But the rest of those guys are working on new material to follow-up their insanely good 2007 LP, *Sexy Times*.

Y'know what else is gonna be a cool night of non-original music? The **SECOND PUNK ROCK COVERS NIGHT!** It's happening at THE BAYOU (just like the last one), and it's on Friday, November 14th. The last one was awesome (that one had cover bands of THE BOYS, JOHNNY THUNDERS & THE HEARTBREAKERS and BLACK FLAG, and tons of others), and this one looks like it's gonna be no slouch either. You've got members of **THE SEDATIVES** (myspace.com/sedativesedatives) and **MOTHER'S CHILDREN** doing a JOY DIVISION set with Andy from the late great Ottawa basement punk venue A & A SPEEDSHOP (RIP) doing Ian Curtis Duties. You've got members of **BASTARDATOR**, **H.O.P.E.** and **CRITICAL CONVICTIONS** doing a set of MISFITS songs. (**H.O.P.E.** and **CRITICAL CONVICTIONS** are a couple of rad new bands and they've both got cassettes out, so, y'know, buy one or something.) You've also got **THE SUICIDE PILOTS** doing THE DEAD KENNEDYS and you've got members of **KARNAX** and **THE DIRTY NUNS** doing MOTORHEAD.



METZ - Photo by Gordon Ball.

THE BAYOU's been getting some new life shoved into it over the past year or so, hosting regular punk shows (not least of which was late-'70s Belgian punk rock legends THE KIDS in October, one of only two North American dates), in large part via **PUNK ROCK MOONDAZE**, a regular Monday night thing with punk rock DJs and shows, cheap beer/Shirley Temples, no cover and free pool. It's a bit of a hike from Centretown but it probably wouldn't've killed you if you weigh less than a piano. But now it won't have a chance to maybe kill you, cuz PUNK ROCK MOONDAZE is officially over. Dwindling post-summer crowds was listed as the cause of death. Too bad.

I mentioned THE SEDATIVES a couple paragraphs ago. Those guys are recording the follow up LP to their near-sold-out 7", and none other than P TRASH is doing a repress of that 7" if you slept on it the first time around, fancy new jacket and all.

METZ (metztheband.com, myspace.com/metztheband) only took like a couple days to ride their JESUS LIZARD/SHELLAC/HOOVER sound to a level of popularity here in Ottawa that can usually only be achieved with a TIGER BEAT cover under your belt. But then they packed up and moved to Ottawa, got a guy from MONEEN to be their bass player, and kept getting awesomer. Here's what's up with those guys:

We are finishing up recording, and we will have a new 7" out really soon. There's a sample of one of the songs up on our MySpace page now. We are also touring with YOUNG WIDOWS (Louisville, TEMPORARY RESIDENCE RECS) in October out to the East Coast for Halifax Pop Explosion. Dates are listed on our page as well.

Also, METZ has some of the best art (thanks to their drummer/artist Hayden Menzies). The cover of that new 7" is a hot chick with a beard—but this ain't your grandma's beard! This beard spells METZ! The new

tracks are also killer. They will kill you.

Now on to a guy who left Ottawa (for China) and then came back. Here's local legend Dave Secretary AKA **HRSWHIP** (myspace.com/hrswhip) to explain himself:

The second HRSWHIP record will hopefully commence recording by the time issue 5 is out. I'm doing a project called hrswhip vs hrdcore which will be friends from other bands screaming over the instrumental tracks I wrote. So far the lineup is Darryl P. from New Hampshire's FURNACE, Jay G. from Toronto's THE SMILE and KATJA, Seth B. from San Fran's STERLING and FUNERAL DINER, Kris R. from Norway's KAOSPILOT, Larry E. from Philly's KICK ROCKS and WELCOME THE PLAGUE YEAR and a few more waiting to confirm.

Also, BLACK ACTORS (iblastoff.net/blackactors, myspace.com/exblackactors) is practicing again and will hopefully be ready to play in October. Unless everyone's too drunk.

In case you didn't know, you should be fucking pumped that BLACK ACTORS are back together (with ALL the original members), cuz they were one of the best amazing-Ottawa-bands-to-implode-before-actually-really-doing-anything (and there have been many, but that's getting a lot rarer nowadays, thankfully).

Finally, local thrash-pop violent synth gang weirdos **FUCKED CORPSE** (myspace.com/xfuckedcorpsex) are working on a split tape (in case you haven't got it yet, cassettes are BACK, grandma) with U.S. weirdos ROMO ROTO, and they're also starting to write an album.

Oh man, doing all that writing SUCKED. But I'm done now. I'm so over this I don't even wanna try and come up with a snappy little ending. +



Black Actors - Photo by Paul Galipeau.

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embarrassingly lame!

Mosh Right, Morons!

(Continued from page three.)

Likewise, if you wanna hang out close to the stage but not be in the pit at an Annihilation Time show, you've gotta assume the responsibility of bracing yourself to bounce people back into the pit with your forearm. It's really not that big of a deal.

7. Watch out for girls. I only say this cuz I've been seeing a lot of idiot kids just full-on ramming into tiny girls (who aren't anywhere NEAR a pit) like it's going out of style. Or like it were once IN style to throw your full body weight into someone half your size who's not expecting it, and it's now going OUT of style.

I know some feminists are gonna get all feminangry at this and go: "Oh, what? You think girls can't handle themselves in the PIT, you fucking male? You think girls aren't as strong as men?" Let me clarify: No, I DON'T think girls are as strong as men. Men are stronger than girls. Girls are physically weaker than men. A girl may be stronger than SOME men, but in general, as a rule of thumb, men are stronger. Get over it. It's why when a guy punches his wife it's called "spousal abuse" and not a fucking boxing match.

And you getting angry at me for saying that is like if I got angry at you for saying men can't give birth. We're different whether you like it or not.

And I'm obviously not saying girls can't be in a mosh pit with guys. Go for it. There's no reason they can't. But, seriously guys. If you're gonna be pulling asshole moves like throwing punches and doing roundhouses, you probably wouldn't feel so hip if you hit a girl, would you? Or maybe you'd get PC points for it, I don't know. I don't know how that retarded hippy shit works.

8. If someone falls, pick them up. If someone loses a shoe... chuck it as far as you can. But light it on fire first. And make sure it lands in a disgusting clogged toilet or something. Why?

9. Cuz TIE YOUR FUCKING SHOES IF YOU'RE GONNA BE MOSHING.
Dumb ass.

10. Leave your shirt on. I know you just got a real killer chest-piece that needs showing off, but I need your sweaty, home-pierced nipples rubbing against my back like I need the hepatitises A through C that would give me.

11. Mosh pits belong at the FRONT of the crowd. If you start one at the BACK, you're gonna be ramming people from behind when their attention's on the stage, and not on what some studded leather assholes who're drunk for the third time in their life might be doing behind them. (I can't believe I even have to explain this shit...)

12. If you call moshing "dancing", or you get all poetic about it, going on about "brotherhood" and "expression", you are honest-to-god a real, live, lame-as-fuck SQUARE. Save it for your diary, nerd.

* * *

Alright. That's the basics. If you're STILL unclear on shit, you're a lost cause. There's not a whole lot in life that's simpler than throwing yourself around in a pile of other people doing the same thing while some band plays. If you're STILL blowing it after reading this article, just find the highest flight of stairs you can and throw yourself down 'em.

Notes From A Dissapointing Man!

(Continued from page five.)

My fly is down at home all the time. On purpose. That shit is breezy and comfortable. Once I take that shit to the streets, I get strange looks. What the hell?

Like all of you don't mull around alone in your house wearing adult diapers with food bits stuck in your gums, carrying on verbose conversations with yourself filled with bold, outlandish claims, while dried snot hangs out of your nose. Your neighbour sees you through your beaded blinds and all of a sudden it's cause for embarrassment.

Best Thing About High School:
Ya got me.

I stopped by a high school to drink a while back. No, I am not some creepy pervert. It was 1 AM and I needed somewhere to sit and drink after walking around aimlessly for hours. I tried to think back to my days in high school. Not much was surfacing. I remember my friend Greg grabbing goldfish out of the aquarium in the computer room and eating them alive for a period of one week until the aquarium was empty. I remember puberty, a couple of one-sided fights, how cheap and badass cigarettes were and that's about it. It didn't make sense; five years and that's all I got?

The high schools in downtown Toronto are shitholes, so I left and went to a bar. I guess that's more or less what I did eight years ago too.

SEND MIKE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS AND BULLSHIT, YOU CRYBABIES AND MAYBE HE'LL ANSWER THEM HERE IN THE NEXT ISSUE AND MAKE YOU THE LUCKIEST LITTLE NON-MAN ON YOUR BLOCK!
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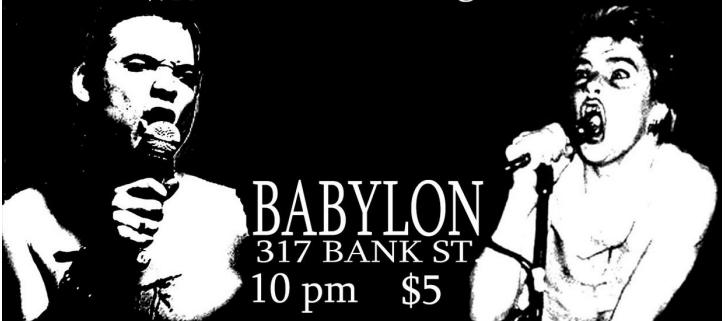
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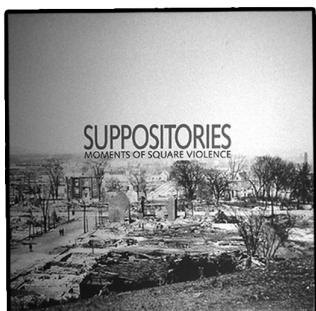
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